

A
Most pleasant
Comedie of *Mucedo-*
rust the Kings Sonne of *Valen-*
cia, and *Amadine* the Kings
daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Monsie.*

Amplified with new additions, as it was
acted before the Kings Maiestie
at White-hall on Shroue-
sunday nights.

By his Highnesse Seruants, vsually
playing at the Globe,

Very delectable, and full of con-
ceited mirth.

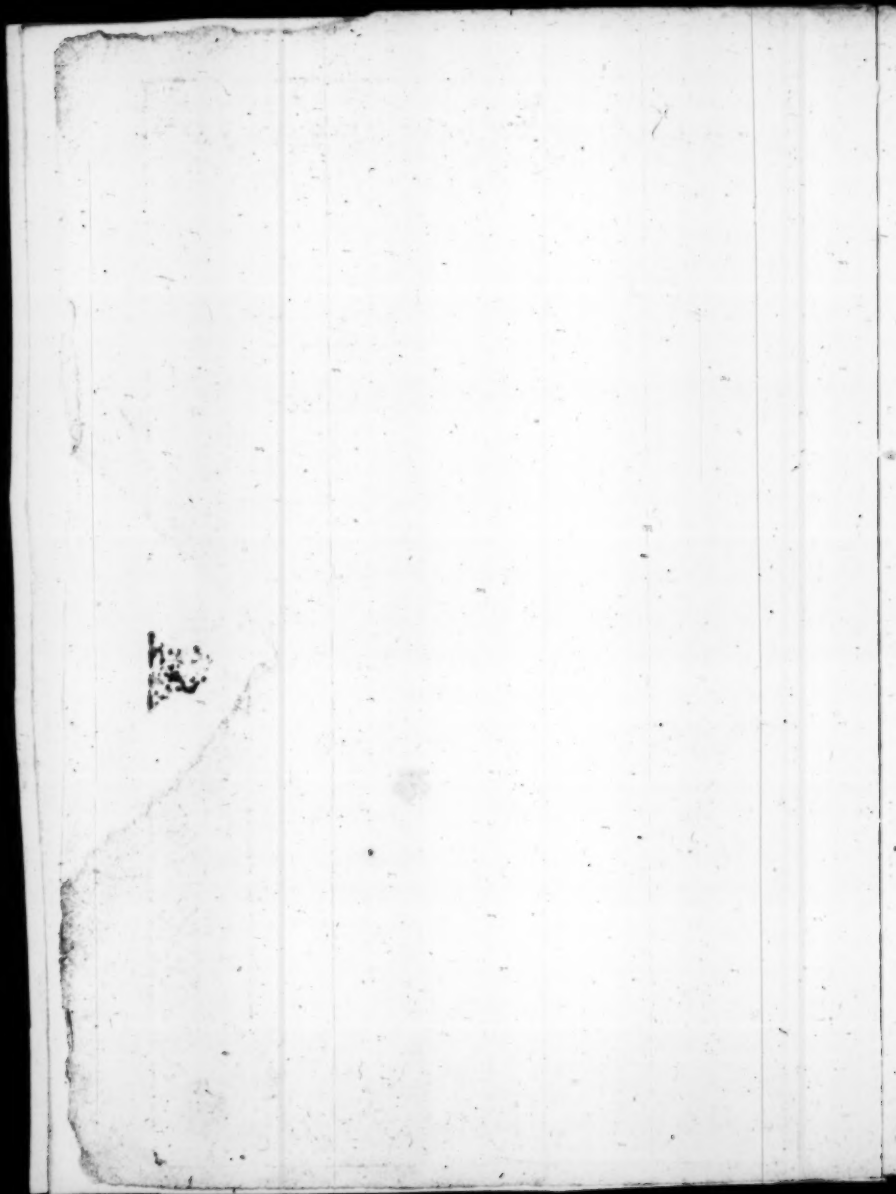
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dwelling neere Holborne Conduit
at the signe of the Gunne.

1613.

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Mucedorus a Comedie
4^o. 1613.

This Comedie was purchased
not for it's merits, but for it's
Title Page, which announces
it's having been acted. at
Whitehall before the Kings
Majestie on Thurs Sunday night
by his Highnesse's servants
usually playing at the Globe.





The Prologue,

MOst sacred Maiestie, whose great deserts,
Thy Subiect *England*; nay, the World admires:
Which, heauen grant still increase; O may your Praise
Multiplying with your houres, your Fame will raise:
Embrace your Counsel: Loue, with Faith, them guide,
That both as one bench, by each others side,
So may your life passe on, and run so euen;
That your firme zeale, plant you a Throne in Heauen:
Where smiling Angels shall your guardians be
From blemisht Traytors, stain'd with Periurie:
And as the night's inferiour to the day,
So be all earthly Regions, to your sway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your Beames, *Europe* shall borrow light.
Mirth drowne your bosome, faire Delight your mind,
And may our Pastime, your Contentment finde.

Exit.





Ten persons may
easily play it.

<i>The King, and Rombelo,</i>	} for one.
<i>King Valencia,</i>	} for one.
<i>Mucedorus the Prince of Valencia,</i>	} for one.
<i>Anselmo,</i>	} for one.
<i>Amadine the Kings daughter of</i> <i>Aragon,</i>	} for one.
<i>Segasto a Noble-man,</i>	} for one.
<i>Enuite, Tremelio a Captaine, Bremo</i> <i>a wild man,</i>	} for one.
<i>Comedie, a boy, an old Woman,</i> <i>Ariena, Amadines maide,</i>	} for one.
<i>Collin a Counciller, a Messenger,</i>	} for one.
<i>Monsie the Clowne,</i>	} for one.





A most pleasant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valencia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.



Ho so; thus doe I hope to please :
Musicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable :
Comedie play thy part and please ;
Make merry them that comes to ioy with thee :
Ioy then good Gentles, I hope to make you laugh

Sound forth *Bellonas* siluer tuned strings,
Time fits vs well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Ennie, his armes naked besmeared with blood.

Enn. Nay stay Minion, there lies a Blocke :
VWhat, all on Mirth ? Ile interrupt your tale,
And mixe your Musicke with a Tragick end.

Com. What monstrous vgly Hagge is this,
That dares controule the pleasures of our will ?
Vaunt churlish Curre, besmeared with gorie blood,
That seemst to checke the blossome of Delight,
And stifle the sound of sweet *Bellonas* breath :
Blush Monster, blush, and poste away with shame,
That seekest disturbance of a Goddesses deeds.

Enn. Poste hence thy selfe, thou counterchecking trull,
I will possesse this habite spight of thee,
And gaine the glorie of thy wished port :
Ile thunder Musicke shall apale the Nymphes,
And make them shuer their clattering strings,
Elying for succour to their Danish caues

Sound Drums within, and cry stab, stab.

Hearken, thou shalt heare a noyse,
Shall fill the ayre with a shrilling sound,
And thunder Musicke to Gods about :

The Comedie

Mars shall himselfe breath downe
A peerelesse Crowne vpon braue *Ennies* head;
And raise his chiuall with a lasting fame :
In this braue Musicke, *Ennie* takes delight,
Where I may see them wallow in their blood,
To spurne at Armes and Légges quite shiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thousand slaine :
How lik'st thou this my trull ? thi's sport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloody curre, nurst vp with Tygers sap,
That so dost quail a Woman's minde;
Comedie is milde, gentle, willing for to please,
And seekes to gaine the loue of all estates :
Delighting in Mirth, mixt all with louely tales ;
And bringeth things with treble ioy to passe.
Thou bloody, enuious ; disdainer of mens ioyes :
Whose name is fraught with bloody stratagems,
Delights in nothing, but in spoile and death,
VVhere thou maist trample in their luke-warme blood,
And graspe their hearts within thy cursed pawes :
Yet vaile thy minde, reuenge thee not on me,
A silly Woman begs it at thy hands :
Giue me the leaue to vtter out my Play ;
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,
And mixe not Death mongst pleasing Comedies,
That treates nought else but pleasure and delight :
If any sparke of humaine rests in thee,
Forbeare, be gone ; tender the suite of mee.

Enn. VVhy so I will ; forbeare shall be such,
As treble death shall crosse thee with despight,
And make thee mourne where most thou ioyest,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole :
VVhirling thy pleasures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a sea of blood :
This will I doe : thus shall I beare with thee.
And more, to vex thee with a deeper spight,
I will with threats of blood, begin the Play,
Fauouring thee with Ennie and with Hate.

Com. Then vgly Monster, doe thy worst,

of *Mucedorus*.

I will defend them in despite of thee :
And though thou thinkst with tragicke fumes
To prauē my Play vnto my deepe disgrace,
I force it not, I scorne what thou canst doe :
Ile grace it so thy selfe shall it confesse,
From Tragicke stuffe, to be a pleasant Comedie :

Enu. Why then *Comedie*, send thy Actors forth,
And I will crosse the first steps of their trade,
Making them feare the very dart of death.

Cors. And Ile defend them mauer all thy spight:
So vgly Fiend farewell, till time shall serue,
That we may meete to parle for the best.

Enu. Content *Comedie*, Ile go spread my Branch,
And scattered Blossomes from mine enuious Tree,
Shall prooue two Monsters, spoyling of their ioyes.

Exit.

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anselmo his friend.

Muc. Anselmo?

Ansel. My Lord and Friend.
Whose deare affection bosome with my heart,
And keepe their domination in one Orbe.

Anf. Whence nere disloyaltie shall roote it forth,
But Faith plant firmer in your choyse respect.

Muc. Much blame were mine, if I should other deeme,
Nor can coy Fortune contrarie allow :
But my *Anselmo*, loth I am to say, I must estrange that friend-
Misconsture not, tis from the Realme, not thee : (ship,
Though Lands part bodies, Hearts keepe company ;
Thou knowst that I imparted often haue,
Priuate relations with my royall Sire
Had, as concerning beautious *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Iewel ; whose face (some say)
That blooming Lillies neuer shone so gay ;
Excelling, not exceld : yet least Report
Does mangle Veritie, boasting of what is not,
Vving'd with Desire ; thither Ile straight repaire,
And be my Fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.

Anf. VVill you forsake *Valencia* ? leaue the Court ?

Absent

The Comedie

Absent you from the eye of Soueraigntie,
Doe not sweet Prince, aduenture on that taske,
Since danger lurkes each where; be woon from it.

Muc. Desist disswasion,
My resolution brookes no batterie,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Asist what I intend.

Ans. Your misse will breed a blemish in the Court,
And throw a frostie deaw vpon that Beard,
VVhose front *Valentia* stoopes to

Muc. If thou my welfare tender, then no more,
Let Loues strong Magicke, charme thy triuiall phrase,
VVasted as vainely, as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more answers; locke thy lips,
Vnlesse thy VVise dome suite me with disguise,
According to my purpose.

Ans. That action craues no counsell,
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Then best vsurped shape.

Muc. Thou still art opposite in disposition,
A more obscure seruile habilament
Beseemes this enterprife.

Ans. Then like a *Florentine* or *Monntebancke*.

Muc. Tis much too tedious, I dislike thy iudgement.
My minde is grafted on an humbler stocke.

Ans. VVithin my Closet does there hang a Cassocke,
Though base the weeds is, twasa Shepheards,
VVhich I presented in Lord *Iulius* Maske.

Muc. That my *Anselmo*, and none else but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view;
That habite suites my minde, fetch we that weed:

Exit Anselmo.

Better then Kings, haue not disdained that state,
And much inferiour, to obtaine their mate.

Enter Anselmo with a Shepheards Coate.

So, let our respect command thy secrecie,

At once a brieft farewell,

Delay to louers, is a second Hell,

Exit Mucedorus.

of Mucedorus.

Ans. Prosperitie forerunne thee; Auckward chance
Neuer be neighbour to thy wishes venture:
Content and Fame aduance thee; euer thrise,
And Glory thy mortalitie suruiue.

Exit.

Enter Monse with a Bottle of Hay.

Mon. Ohonible terrible! Vvas euer poore Gentleman so
scard out of his seuen Senses? A Beare? nay sure it can not be a
Beare, but some Diuell in a Beares Doublet: for a Beare could
neuer haue had that agillitie, to haue frighted mee. Well, Ile see
my Father hang'd, before Ile serue his Horse any more: VVell,
Ile carry home my Bottle of Hay, and for once, make my Fathers
Horse turne Puritane and obserue Fasting-dayes; for he gets not
a bit. But soft, this way she followed me, therefore Ile take the
other Path; and because Ile be sure to haue an eye to him, I will
take hands with some foolish Creditor, and make euery steppe
backward.

*As he goes backward, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles ouer bar,
and runnes his way, and leaues his bottle of Hay behinde him,*

*Enter Segasto running, and Amadine after him,
being pursued with a Beare.*

Seg. Oh flie Madame, flie; or else we are but dead,

Am. Help Segasto, help, help sweet Segasto; or else I die!

Segasto runnes away.

Seg. Alasse Madame, there is no way but flight,
Then haste and saue your selfe.

Ama. Why then I die: Ah help me in distresse.

*Enter Mucedorus like a Shepherd, with a Sword drawne,
and a Beares head in his hand.*

Muc. Stay Lady, stay, and be no more dismadye,
That cruell Beast, most mercilesse and fell,
Which hath bereaued thousands of their liues;
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to find his Prey,
Prolonging thus his life, by others death,
His Carcasse now lies headlesse voyde of breath.

Am. That foule deformed Monster, is he dead?

Muc. Assure your selfe thereof, behold his head:

The Comedie

Which if it please you Lady, to accept,
VVith willing heart I yeeld to your Maiestie.

Am. Thankes worthy Shepheard, thanks a thousand times,
This Gift (assure thy selfe) contents me more,
Then greatest bounty of a mighty Prince;
Although he were the Monarch of the world.

Muc. Most gracious Goddesse, more then mortall wight,
Your heauenly hue of right, imports no lesse:
Most glad am I, in that it was my chance,
To vndertake this enterprise in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad our Princely minde.

Ama. No Goddesse (Shepheard) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight distressed as thou seest:
My Father heere, is King of Arragon,
I, *Amadine*, his onely Daughter am,
And after him, sole Heire vnto the Crowne:
Now whereas it is my Fathers will
To marrie me vnto *Segasto*;
On whose wealth, through Fathers former Vsurie,
Is knowne to be no lesse then wonderfull:
We both of custome often times did vse
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fields
For recreation, especially the Spring;
In that it yeelds great store of rare delights:
And passing further then our wonted walkes:
Scarce entred were within these lucklesse VVoods,
But right before vs downe a steepe fall hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hie him fast.
To meete vs both: I faint to tell the rest.
Good shepheard, but suppose the gasty lookes,
The hideous feares, the hundred thousand woes,
Which at this instant *Amadine* sustain'd.

Mu. Yet worthy Princeesse let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former ioyes reuiue.

Am. Beleeue me shepheard, so it doth no lesse.

Mu. Long may they last vnto your hearts content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him
Segasto cald? what is become of him?

of Mucedorus.

Am. I know not I; that know the powers diuine:
But God grant this, that sweet *Segasto* liue.

Muc. Yet hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight,
And leaue so braue a Princesse to the spoyle.

Am. Well Shepheard, for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy selfe to set me free,
Vnrecompenced sure thou shalt not be:
In Court thy courage shall be plainely knowne,
Throughout thy Kingdome will I spread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne,
Beare thou the Head of this most monstrous Beast,
In open sight, to euery Courtiers view:
So will the King my Father thee reward.
Come lets away, and guard me to the Court.

Muc. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Seg. When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,
Tis time as then (some say) to looke about,
And of insuing harmes to chuse the least:
But hard, yea haplesse is that wretches chance,
Lucklesse his lot, and Caytiue-like accurst,
At whose proceedings Fortune euer frownes:
My selfe I meane, most subiect vnto thrall:
For I, the more I seeke to shunne the worst,
The more by prooffe I find my selfe accurst.
Ere-whiles assaulted with an vgly Beare,
Faile *Amadine* in company all alone:
Foorthwith by flight I thought to saue my selfe,
Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her shifts:
For death it was for to resist the Beare,
And death no lesse, of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accursed I, in lingring life thus long,
In liuing thus, each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths;
If she by flight, her furie doe escape,
VVhat will she thinke?

The Comedie

Will she not say, yea flatly to my face,
Accusing me of meere disloyaltie,
A trustie Friend is tride in time of need?
But I, when she in danger was of death,
And needed me; and cried, *Segasto* help:
I turnd my backe, and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath:
But what; what needs these plaints?
If *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I.
She will in time forgiue, and so forget:
Amadine is mercifull, not *Iuno* like,
In harmefull heart to harbour hatred long.

Enter Mouse the Clowne running, crying Clubs.

Mo. Clubs, Pronges, Pitchforkes, Bils: Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares, and nothing else but Beares:
Tell me sirrah, where she is?

Clo. O sir, she is runne downe the Woods,
I saw her white head and her white belly.

Seg. Thou talkest of wonders, to tell me of white Beares:
But sirrah, didst thou euer see any such;

Clo. No faith, I neuer saw any such;
But I remember my Fathers words,
He bade me take heed I was not caught with a white Beare.

Seg. A lamentable tale, no doubt.

Clo. I tell you what, sir, as I was going a field to serue my Fathers great Horse, and carried a bottle of Hay vpon my Head:
Now doe you see sir, I fast hudwinckt, that I could see nothing,
I perceiuing the Beare comming, I threw my Hay into the Hedge, and ran away.

Seg. What, from nothing?

Clo. I warrant you yes, I saw something; for there was two load of Thornes, besides my bottle of Hay, and that made three.

Seg. But tell me sirrah; the Beare that thou didst see,
Did she not beare a Buckét on her arme?

Clo. Ha, ha; ha; I neuer saw Beare goe a milking in all my life.
But harke you sir; I did not looke so hie as her arme,
I saw nothing but her white Head, and her white belly.

of Macedorus.

Seg. But tell me firrah: VVhere dost thou dwell?

Clo. VVhy, doe you not know me?

Seg. VVhy no, how should I know thee?

Clo. VVhy then you know no body, and you know not mee:
Itell you fir, I am the Good-man Rats sonne of the next-Parish
ouer the Hill.

Seg. Good-man Rats sonne: why what's thy name?

Clo. VVhy I am very neere kin vnto him.

Seg. I thinke so, but what's thy name?

Clo. My name, I haue a very pretty name: Ile tell you what my
name is: my name is *Mouſe*.

Seg. What, plaine *Mouſe*.

Clo. I plaine *Mouſe*, without either welt or gard,
But doe you heare fir, I am a very young *Mouſe*, for my Taile is
scarce growne out yet; looke you heere else.

Seg. But I pray thee, who gaue thee that name?

Clo. Faith fir, I know not that; but if you would faine know,
aske my Fathers great Horſe, for he hath beene halfe a yeare lon-
ger with my Father then I haue.

Seg. This ſeemes to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:

Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde,

A merry Man, a merry Maiſter makes.

How ſaiſt thou firrah. Wilt thou dwell with me?

Clo. Nay ſoft fir, two words to a bargain: pray you what Oc-
cupation are you?

Seg. No Occupation, I liue vpon my Lands.

Clo. Your Lands? away, you are no Maiſter for me: Why doe
you thinke that I am ſo mad, to goe ſeek my liuing in the Lands
amongſt the Stones, Bryers, and Buſhes, and teare my Holy-day
apparell: not I by your leaue.

Seg. VVhy, I doe not meane thou ſhalt. *Clo.* How then?

Seg. VVhy thou ſhalt be my man, and waite vpon mee at the

Clo. VVhat's that? *Seg.* Where the King lies. (Court.

Clo. VVhat's that ſame King, a man or a woman?

Seg. A man, as thou art.

Clo. As I am: harke you fir, pray you what kin is hee to good-
man King of our Pariſh, the Churchwarden?

The Comedie

Seg. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole land.

Clo. King of the land, I neuer see him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt see him euery day.

Clo. Shall I go home againe to be torne in peeces with Beares:
No not I: I will goe home and put one a cleane Shirt, and then
goe drowne my selfe.

Seg. Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with mee, thou
shalt want nothing.

Clo. Shall I not? then heer's my hand, Ile dwell with you: And
harke you sir, now you haue entertained me, I will tell you, what
I can doe: I can keep my Tongue from picking and stealing, and
my Hands from lying and standing, I warrant you as wel as euer
you had Man in your life.

Seg. Now will I to Court with sorrowfull heart rounded with
doubts; if *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I: yea happie I, if *A-
madine* doe liue.

*Enter the King with a young Prince Prisoner, Amadine,
Tremelio, with Collin and Counsellors.*

King Now braue Lords, our Warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foyle, and we in safety rest:

It vs behooues to vse such clemency in peace.

As valour in the warres:

It is as great honour to be bountifull at home,

As to be Conquerours in the field:

Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,

Your liking, and your Countries safegard,

We are dispos'd in marriage for to giue

Our Daughter to Lord *Segasto* heere,

Who shall succee the Diademe after mee,

And raigne hereafter as I tofore haue done,

Your sole and lawfull King of *Arragon*,

What say you Lordings, like you of my aduice?

Col. An't please your Maiestie, we do not onely allow of your
Highnes pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may to fur-
ther it.

Kin. Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adroftus* liue,
He will at full require your curtesies.

Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

of Macedorus.

Take vnto thee the *Catalone*, a Prince
Lately our Prisoner taken in the Warres:
Be thou his Keeper, his ranome shall be thine,
Wee'le thinke of it when leasure shall affoord:
Meane while, doe vse him well, his father is a King,

Tre. Thanks to your Maiestie, his vsage shall be such
As he thereat shall thinke no cause to grutch. *Exeunt.*

Kin. Then march we on to Court, & rest our wearied limbs.
But *Collin*, I haue a tale in secret kept for thee,
When thou shalt heare a watch-ward from thy King,
Thinke then, some waightry matter is at hand,
That highly shall concerne our State:
Then *Collin* looke thou be not far from me:
And for the seruice thou tofore hast done,
Thy trueth and valour proou'd in euery point,
I shall with bounties thee inlarge therefore:
So guard vs to the Court.

Col. What so my Soueraigne doth command me doe,
VVith willing minde I gladly yeeld consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto and the Clowne with Weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me firra, How doe you like your Weapons?

Clo. O very well, very well, they keepe my sides warme.

Seg. They keep the dogs from your shins very wel, do they not.

Clo. How? keep the dogs from my shins, I would scorne but
my shins should keepe the dogs from them.

Seg. VVell firra, hauing idle talke, tell me,
Doeft thou know Captaine *Tremelius* Chamber?

Clo. I very well, it hath a doore.

Seg. I thinke so, for so hath euery Chamber:
But doest thou know the man?

Clo. I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.

Seg. Why so hath euery one. *Clo.* That's more then I know.

Seg. But dost thou remember the Captain that was here with
the King euen now, that brought the yong Prince Prisoner?

Clo. O very well.

Seg. Goe vnto him, and bid him come vnto mee:
Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him.

Clo. I will Maister. Maister whats his name?

The Comedie

Seg. Why, Captaine *Tremelio*?

Clo. O the Mealeman; I know him very well;
He brings Meale euery Saterdag: but harken you Maister
Must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him?

Seg. No sirra, he must come to me.

Clo. Harken you Maister; how if he be not at home,
What shall I doe then?

Seg. Why then leaue word with some of his folks.

Clo. O Maister, if there be nobody within,
I will leaue word with his Dogge.

Seg. VVhy, can his Dogge speake?

Clo. I cannot tell; wherefore doth he keep his Chamber Afte?

Seg. To keepe out such Knaues as thou art.

Clo. Nay by Lady; then goe your selfe.

Seg. You will goe sir, will you not?

Clo. Yes marry will I: O tis come to my head:
And a be not within, Ile bring his Chamber to you:

Seg. What, wilt thou plucke downe the Kings House?

Clo. Nay by Lady, Ile know the price of it first.
Maister, it is such a hard name, I haue forgotten it againe:
I pray you tell me his name?

Seg. I tell thee, Captaine *Tremelio*.

Clo. Oh, Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now sirrah, dost thou call me?

Clo. You must come to my Maister, Captaine treble knaue.

Tre. My Lord *Segasto*, did you send for me?

Seg. I did *Tremelio*: Sirra, about your businesse.

Clo. I marry, what's that, can you tell?

Seg. No not well.

Clo. Marie then I can; straight to the Kitchen-dresser to *Iohn*
the Cooke, and get me a good peece of Beefe and Brewis, and
then to the Butterie hatch to *Thomas* the Butler, for a Iacke of
Beere; and there, for an houre, Ile so belabour my selfe: and
therefore I pray you call mee not till you thinke I haue done, I
pray you good Maister.

Exit.

Seg. Well sir, away.

Tremelio, this it is; thou knowest the valour of *Segasto*

Spread

of Mucedorus.

Spread through all the Kingdome of *Arragon*,
And such as haue found triumph and fauours :
Neuer daunted at any time : But now a Shepheard,
Admired in Court, for worthinesse,
And *Segasto*s honour layde aside :
My will therefore is this , that thou doest finde some meanes to
worke the Shepheards death : I know thy strength sufficient to
performe my desire, and to loue no otherwise then to reuenge
my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepheard that *Tremelio* feares:
Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand,

Seg. Thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy selfe,
VVhat I promise, that I will performe.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord: And in good time,
See where hee commeth ; stand by a while,
And you shall see me put in practise your intended drift :
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muc. Vilde Coward, so without cause to strike a man ;
Turne Coward turne : now strike, and doe thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Seg. Hold Shepheard hold, spare him, kill him not :
Accused villaine, tell me, What hast thou done ?
Ah *Tremelio*, trustie *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death,
And since that thou liuing, didst prooue faithfull to *Segasto*,
So *Segasto* now liuing, will honour the dead
Corpes of *Tremelio* with reuenge.
Blood thirstie Villaine, borne and bred in mercilesse murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine ?
Assure thy self, thou shalt be vsde according to the law.

Muc. *Segasto* cease, these threatens are needlesse,
Accuse me not of murder, that haue done no thing,
But in mine owne defence.

Seg. Nay Shepheard, reason not with me,
Ile manifest thy fact vnto the King :
VVhose doome will be thy death, as thou deseru'st :
What hoe ! *Monse*, come away.

The Comedie

Enter Mouse.

Clo. Why how now, what's the matter?

I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Seg. Come help away with my friend.

Clo. VVhy is he drunke? cannot he stand on his feete?

Seg. No he is not drunke, he is flaine.

Clo. Flaine? no by Lady he is not flaine.

Seg. Hee's kild, I tell thee.

(longer.)

Clo. What do you vse to kill your friends? I will serue you no

Seg. I tell thee, the Shepheard kild him.

Clo. O did hee so: But Maister, I will haue all his Apparell if
I carry him away.

Seg. Why so thou shalt.

Clo. Come then, I will helpe: Masse Maister, I thinke his Mother sung Lobbie to him, he is so heauie.

Exeunt.

Mu. Behold the fickle state of man, alwaies mutable, neuer at one.

Sometimes we feede on fancies with the sweet of our desires:

Sometimes againe, we feeble the heate of extreame miseries.

Now am I in fauour about the Court and Countrey:

To morrow those fauours will turne to frownes,

To day I liue reuenged on my foe,

To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me.

Exit.

Enter Bremo a wilde man.

Bre. No passenger this morning? what not one?

A chance that seldome doth befall.

VVhat not one? then lye thou there,

And rest thy selfe till I haue further need:

Now *Bremo*, sith thy leasure so affords,

An endlesse thing, who knows not *Bremoes* strength:

VVno like a king commander within these woods,

The Beare, the Boare, dares not abide my sight,

But haste away to saue themselues by flight:

The christall waters in the bubling Brookes,

VVhen I come by, doth swiftly slide away,

And claps themselues in closets vnder banks,

A fraide to looke bold *Bremo* in the face:

The aged Oakes at *Bremoes* breath doe bowe,

And all things else are still at my command.

of Mucedorus.

Else what would I?

Rend them in peeces, and plucke them from the earth,
And each way else I would reuenge my selfe.

VVhy who comes heere, with whom I dare not fight;
Who fights with me, and doth not dye the death? not one.

VVhat fauour shewes this sturdie stick to those
That here within these Woods are combatants with me?

VVhy Death, and nothing else but present death,
With restless Rage, I wander through these Woods:

No creature heere, but feareth Bremoes force,
Man, Woman, Child, Beast and Bird,

And euery thing that doth approach my sight,
Are forst to fall, if Bremoe once doe frowne.

Come Cudgell come, my partner in my spoyles,
For here I see this day it will not be:

But when it fells that I encounter any,
One patte sufficeth for to worke my will.

What, comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will serue, when we shall better speed.

Exit.

Enter the King, Segasto, the Shepheard, and the Clowne, with others.

King. Shepheard, thou hast heard thine accusers,
Murther is layd to thy charge:

What canst thou say? thou hast deserued death.

Mu. Dread Soueraigne, I must needs confesse:

I slue this Captaine in mine owne defence,

Not of any malice, but by chance:

But mine accuser hath a further meaning.

Seg. Words will not heere preuaile,
I seeke for Iustice; and Iustice craues his death.

King. Shepheard, thine own confession hath condemned thee.
Sirra take him away, and doe him to execution straight.

Clo. So he shall, I warrant him:
But doe you heare maister King; he is kinne to a Monkie,
His necke is begger then his Head.

Seg. Come sirra, away with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clo. Yes forsooth I warrant you: Come on sirra:
A, so like a Sheepe-biter a lookes.

The Comedie

Enter Amadine, and a Boy with a Beares head.

Ama. Dread Soueraigne, and welbeloued Sire;
On bended knee I craue the life of this condemned Shepheard,
which heretofore preferued the life of thy sometime distressed
Daughter.

King. Preferu'd the life of my sometime distressed Daughter,
How can that be? I neuer knew the time
Wherein thou wast distressed: I neuer knew the day,
But that I haue maintained thy estate,
As best beseem'd the Daughter of a King:
I neuer saw the Shepheard vntill now;
How comes it then, that he preferu'd thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segasto* in the Woods,
Further then our accustomed manner was,
Right before vs, downe a steepe-fast hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hie him fast,
To meet vs both: now whether this be true,
I refer it to the credit of *Segasto*.

Seg. Most true, an't-like your Maiestie. *King* How then?

Ama. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow vs both at once:
The fight whereof did make vs both to dread:
But specially your Daughter *Amadine*;
Who for I saw no succour incident
But in *Segastos* valour, I grew desperate:
And he most coward-like began to flie,
Left me distressed to be deuowr'd of him:
How say you *Segasto*, is it not true?

King. His silence verifies it to be true: What then?

Ama. Then I amazde, distressed all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that vgly Beare:
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes:
Till at the length, this Shepheard came,
And brought to me his head.

Come hither Boy; Loe heere it is, which I present vnto your Ma-

King. The slaughter of this Beare deserues great fame. (iestie.

Seg

of Mucedorus.

Seg. The slaughter of a man, deserues great blame.

Kin. Indeed occasion oftentimes so fallies out.

Seg. Tremelio in the Warres (O King) preferred thee,

Am. The Shepheard in the Woods (O King) preferred me.

Seg. Tremelio fought when many men did yeeld.

Am. So would the Shepheard, had he been in field.

Clo. So would my Maister, had he not run away.

*Seg. Tremelio*s force saued thousands from the foe.

Am. The Shepheards force hath saued thousands moe.

C'o. A ye shiptickes, nothing else.

Kin. Segasto, cease to accuse the Shepheard,
His worthinesse deserues a recompence :

All we are bound to doe the Shepheard good :

Shepheard, whereas it was my sentence thou shouldst die,

So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.

Seg. Thanks to your Maiestie.

Kin. But soft *Segasto*, not for this offence :

Long maist thou liue, and when the Sisters shall decree

To cut in twaine the twisted threed of life,

Then let him die : for this, I set him free,

And for thy valour I will honour thee.

Muc. Thanks to your Maiestie.

Kin. Come daughter, let vs now depart to honour the worthy
valour of the Shepheard, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*

Clo. O Maister heare you; iyou haue made a fresh hand now,
You would bestow you : What will you doe now ?

You haue lost me a good occupation by the meanes;

Faith Maister, now I cannot hang the Shepheard,

I pray you let me take the paines to hang you :

It is but halfe an houres exercise.

Seg. You are still in your knauerie :

But sith I can not haue his life,

I will procure his banishment for euer : Come on sirra.

Clo. Yes forsooth, I come : laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muc. From *Amadine*, and from her fathers Court,
VVith Gold and Siluer, and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the bankes of Golden treasures :

The Comedie

More may I boast and say; but I
Vvas neuer Shepheard in such dignitie.

Enter the Messenger and the Clowne.

Mef. All haile, worthy Shepheard.

Clo. All rane, lowfie Shepheard.

Muc. Welcome my friends: from whence come you?

Mef. The King and *Amadine* greeete thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court:
Shepheard begone.

Clo. Shepheard take law-legs; flie away Shepheard.

Mu. Whose words are these; came these from *Amadine*?

Mef. Aye from *Amadine.* *Clo.* Aye from *Amadine.*

Mu. Ah lucklesse fortune, worse then *Phaetons* tale,
My former blesse, is now become my bale.

Clo. VVhat, wilt thou poyson thy selfe?

Mu. My former heauen, is now become my Hell.

Clo. The worst Ale-houise that euer I came in, in all my life.

Mu. VVhat shall I doe?

Clo. Euen goe hang thy selfe halfe an houre.

Mu. Can *Amadine* so churlishly command
To banish the Shepheards from her fathers Court?

Mef. What should Shepheards do in the Court?

Clo. What should Shepheards doe amongst vs?
Haue we not Lords enough on vs in the Court?

Mu. VVhy Shepheards are men, and Kings are no more.

Mef. Shepheards are men, and maisters ouer their flocke.

Clo. That s a lie; who payes them their wages then?

Mef. VVell, you are alwaies interrupting of me:
But you were best to looke to him, least you hang for him
VVhen he is gone,

Exit.

The Clowne sings.

Clo. And you shall hang for company,
For leauing me alone:
Shepheard stand soorth, and heare my sentence.
Seepheard be gone within three daies, in pain of my displeasure:
Shepheard be gone, Shepheard begone, begone, begone, be-
gone, shepheard, Shepheard, Shepheard.

Mu. And must I goe? and must I needs depart?

of Mucedorus.

Ye goodly Groues partakers of my songs,
In tyme tofore when Fortune did not frowne,
Powre foorth your plaints, & waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sunne my comfort in the cold,
Hide, hide thy face and leaue me comfortlesse.
Ye holefome hearbes, and sweet sinelling fauours,
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted course,
That I wanting your ayde, in wofull sort may die.

Enter Amadine, and Ariena her maide.

Ama. Ariena, if any body aske for me,
Make some excuse, till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segasso* call?

Exit.

Am. Doe you the like to him, I meane not to stay long.

Mu. This voyce so sweet my pining spirits reuiues.

Am. Shepheard well met, tell me how thou doest.

Mu. I linger life, yet wish for speedie death.

Am. Shepheard although thy banishment already
Be decreed, and all against my will, yet *Amadine*.

Muc. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of banishment, is death;
I, double death to me: but since I must depart, one thing I craue.

Am. Say on with all my heart.

Muc. That in absence, either farre or neere,
You honour me as Seruant with your name.

Am. Not so.

Mu. And why?

Am. I honour thee as a Soueraigne of my heart.

Mu. A Shepheard and a Soueraigne nothing like.

Am. Yet like enough, where there is no dislike.

Mu. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Am. Shepheard, it is onely *Segasso* that procures thy banish-

Mu. Vnworthy wights are more in iealousie. (ment,

Am. VVould God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewise banish mee.

Mu. Amen say I, to haue your company.

Am. Well Shepheard, sith thou suffrest this for my sake,
VVith thee in exile also let mee liue,

On this condition (Shepheard) thou canst loue.

Mu. No longer loue, no longer let me liue.

Ama.

The Comedie

Am. Of late I loued one indeed; now loue I none but onely

Mu. Thanks worthy Princeesse: I burne likewise, (thee.
Yet smother vp the blast:

I dare not promise what I may performe.

Am. Well shepheard, hark what I shal say,
I will returne vnto my Fathers Court,
There for to prouide me of such necessities
As for my iourney I shall thinke most fit:
This being done, I will returne to thee,
Doe thou therefore appoint the place
VWhere we may meete.

Mu. Downe in the valley, where I slue the Beare,
And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech,
That ouershades a Well: So who comes first,
Let them abide the happie meeting of vs both:
How like you this?

Am. I like it very well.

Mu. Now if you please you may appoint the time.

Am. Full three howers hence, God willing, I will returne.

Mu. The thanks that *Paris* gaue the Grecian Queene,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.

Am. Then *Mucedorus* for three houres farewell.

Exit.

Mu. Your departure Lady, breeds a priuy paine.

Exit.

Enter Segasto solus.

Seg. Tis well *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will,
Should such a Shepheard, such a simple swaine as he,
Ecclipse thy credit, famous through the Court?
No, ply *Segasto* ply, let it not in *Arragon* be said,
A Shepheard hath *Segasto*'s honour wonne.

Enter Monse the Clowne, calling his Maister.

Clo. What, hoe Maister, will you come away?

Seg. Will you come hither I pray you: what's the matter;

Clo. Why is it not past eleuen of the clocke?

Seg. How then sir?

Clo. I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. I pray you come hither.

Clo. Here's such a doe with you; will you neuer come?

Se. I pray you sir, what newes of the message I sent you about?

Clo. I tell you all the Messes be on the Table already,

There

of Mucedorus.

There wants not so much as a messe of Mustard, halfe an houre

Seg. Come sir, your minde is all vpon your belly. (agoe.

You haue forgotten what I bid you doe.

Clo. Faith I know nothing; but you bad me goe to breakfast.

Seg. Was that all?

Clo. Faith I haue forgotten it; the very scent of the Meate made me, hath forgot it quite.

Seg. You haue forgot the Arrand I bid you doe.

Clo. VVhat Arrant? an arrant Knaue, or an arrant VVhore?

Se. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee banish the Shepheard?

Clo. O the Shepheards Bastard.

Seg. I tell thee the Shepheards banishment.

Clo. I tell you, the Shepheards Bastard shall be well kept;
He looke to it my selfe: but I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. Then you will not tell mee whether you haue banished him or no?

Clo. VVhy I cannot say, Banishment, and you would giue me a thousand pounds to say so.

Seg. VVhy you horse son slaue, haue you forgotten that I sent you, and an other, to driue away the Shepheard?

Clo. VVhat an Assc are you: heer's a stirre indeed;
Heere's Message, Arrant, Banishment, and I cannot tell what?

Seg. I pray you sir, shall I know whether you haue droue him away?

Clo. Faith I thinke I haue: and you will not belecue me,
aske my Staffe.

Seg. VVhy can the Staffe tell?

Clo. VVhy. he was with me too.

Seg. Then happy I, that haue obtaind my will,

Clo. And happier I, if you would goe to dinner.

Seg. Come sirra, follow me.

Clo. I warrant you, I will not loose an inch of you, now you are going to dinner: I promise you, I thought seauen yeare before I could get him away.

Exeunt.

Enter Amadine solus.

Am. God grant my long delay, procures no harme;
Nor this my tarrying, frustrate my pretence;
My *Mucedorus* surely staves for me,

The Comodie

And thinkes mee ouer-long, at length I come,
My present Promise to performe :
Ah what a thing is firme vnfaigned Loue,
What is it which true Loue dares not attempt?
My Father he may make, but I must match :
Segasto loues, but *Amadine* must like
Where likes her best ; compulsion is a thrall :
No, no, the heartie choyce, is all in all.
The Shepheards vertue *Amadine* esteemes.
But what ? me thinkes the Shepheard is not come :
I muse at that, the hower is at hand :
¶ Well, heere Ile rest till *Mucedorus* come.

She sits downe.

Enter Bremo looking about, hastily takes hold of her.

Bre. A happy prey ; now *Bremo* feed on flesh :
Dainties *Bremo* dainties, thy hungry panch to fill ;
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke-warme blood :
Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead.

Am. Howe an she fight, that Weapons cannot weeld ?

Bre. ¶ What, canst not fight ? then lie thee downe and die.

Am. ¶ What, must I die ?

Bre. ¶ What need these words ; I thirst to suck thy blood.

Am. Yet pittie me, and let me liue awhile.

Bre. No pittie I, Ile feed vpon thy flesh,
¶ Ile teare thy body peece-meale ioynt by ioynt.

Am. Ah how I want my Shepheards company.

Bre. Ile crush thy bones betwixt two Oaken trees.

Am. Haste Shepheard haste, or else thou com'st too late.

Bre. Ile sucke the sweetnesse from thy Marrow-bones.

Am. Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltlesse blood.

Bre. ¶ With this my Batt, will I beat out thy braines ;
Downe, downe I say, prostrate thy selfe vpon the ground.

Am. Then *Mucedorus*, farewell ; my hoped ioyes farewell :
Yea, farewell life ; and welcome present death ; *She kneeles*
To thee, O God, I yeeld my dying Ghost.

Bre. Now *Bremo*, play thy part.
How now ; What fodaine chance is this ?
My Limbes doe tremble, and my Sinewes shake :

of Mucedorus.

My vnweakened Armes hath lost their former force;

Ah *Breno*, *Breno*, what a foile hadst thou,

That yet at no time wast afraid,

To dare the greatest Gods to fight with thee,

He strikes.

And now wants strength for one downe driuing blow?

Ah, how my courage fayles, when I should strike;

Some new-come spirit abiding in my breast;

Shall I spare her *Breno*? Spare her, doe not kill,

Saith spare her, which neuer spated any.

To it *Breno*, to it, say againe;

I cannot weeld my weapons in my hand:

Me thinkes I should not strike so faire a one.

I thinke her Beautie hath bewicht my force,

Or else within me altered Natures course.

Aie woman! Wilt thou liue in Woods with me?

Am. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in Woods.

Bre. Thou shalt not choose, it shall be as I say,

And therefore follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Mu. It was my will an houre agoe and more,

As was my promise, for to make returne;

But other businesse hindred my pretence.

It is a world to see, when man appoints,

And purposely one certaine thing decrees,

How many things may hinder his intent:

What one would wish, the same is farthest off,

But yet th'appointed time can not be past;

Nor hath her presence yet preuented me:

Well heere Ile stay, and expect her comming.

They cry within, hold him, hold him.

Mu. Some one or other is pursued no doubt,

Perhaps some search for me; tis good to doubt the worst,

Therefore Ile begone.

Exit.

Cry within, Hold him, hold him: Enter Mouse

the Clowne with a Pot.

Cl. Hold him, hold him, hold him: heer's a stirre indeed: here
came hew after the crier; & I was set close at another Nip; house

The Comedie

and there I cald for three pots of Ale, as tis the maner of vs Courtiers : now sirra, I had taken the maiden-head of two of them : Now as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came, hold him, hold him : now I could not tell whom to catch hold on ; but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot : well, Ile see : Masse I cannot see him, yet : Well Ile looke a little further : Masse he is a little slaue if a be heere : why heer's nobody : all this goes well yet. But if the old Trot should come for her pot ; I marie ther's the matter. But I care not, Ile face her out, and call her old rustie, dystie, mustie, fustie, crustie Firebrand, and worse then all that, and so face her out of her pot : but soft, heere she comes.

Enter the Old Woman.

Old Wo. Come you knaue, where's my pot, you knaue ?

Clo. Goe looke your pot, come not to mee for your pot, twere good for you.

Old. Thou liest thou knaue, thou hast my pot.

Clo. You lie and you say it : I your pot ? I know what Ile say.

Old. Why, what wilt thou say ?

Clo. But say I haue him, and thou dar'st.

Old. VVhy thou knaue, thou hast not onely my pot, but my drinke vnpayd for.

Clo. You lie like an old : I will not say where.

Old. Doeit thou call me where ? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clo. Cap me and thou dar'st :

Search me whether I haue it or no.

She searche'h him, and he drinketh ouer her head, and casteth downe the Pot, she stumbleth at it : then they fall together by the eares : she ta'es up her Pot, and goe: out.

Enter Segasto.

Seg. How now sirra, what's the matter ?

Clo. Oh Flies Master, Flies.

Seg. Flies, where are they ?

Clo. Oh, heere Maister all about your face.

Seg. VVhy thou liest, I thinke thou art mad,

Clo. Why Maister, I haue killed a dung-cart full at the least.

Seg. Goe too sirra, leauing this idle talke, giue care to me.

Clo. How, giue you one of my eares ?

of Mucedorus.

Not and you were ten Maisters.

Seg. Why sir, I bid you giue eare to my words.

Clo. I tell you I will not be made a Curtall for no mans plea.

Seg. I tell thee, attend what I say : (sure.

Goe thy wayes straight and reare the whole Towne.

Clo. How, reare the whole Towne? euen goe your selfe, it is more then I can doe : Why? do you thinke I can reare a Towne, that can scarce reare a pot of Ale to my head : I should reare a Towne, should I not?

Seg. Goe to the Constable, and make a Priuie search, For the Shepheard is runne away with the Kings Daughter.

Clo. How, is the Shepheard run away with the Kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter runne away with the Shepheard?

Seg. I cannot tell; but they are both gone together.

Clo. What a foole is she, to runne away with the Shepheard? Why, I think I am a little handsomer Man, then the Shepheard, my selfe : But tell mee Maister; must I make a Priuie search, or search in the Priuie ;

Seg. Why, doest thou thinke they will be there?

Clo. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then, search euery where, Leauē no place vnsearcht for them.

Exit.

Clo. Oh now am I in an office: now I wil to that old firebrands house, and will not leauē one place vnsearched : Nay Ile to the Ale-stand, and drinke as long as I can stand: and when I haue done, Ile let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the Barrell : and if I find him not there, Ile to the Cupbord ; Ile not leauē one corner of her house vnsearched : y^e sayth yee old Cruft, I will be with you now.

Exit.

1 *Sound Musicke.*

*Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo,
Lord Barachius, with others.*

King. Va. Enough of Musicke, it but addes to torment ; Delights to vexed spirits, are as Dates Set to a sicke man; which rather cloy, then comfort : Let me intreat you, to intreat no more.

Rod. Let your strings sleepe; haue done there. *Musick ceaseth,*

King. Va. Mirth to a soule disturb'd, are embers turn'd,

The Comedie

Which sodaine gleame, with molestation,
But sooner loose their fight for't;
Tis Gold bestowed vpon a Ryotor,
VVhich not relieues but murders him:
Tis a Drugge giuen to the healthfull,
VVhich infects, not cures.

How can a Father that hath lost his Sonne,
A Prince both wise, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleasure in the idle actes of Time?
No, no; till *Mucedorus* I shall see againe,
All ioy is comfortlesse, all pleasure paine.

Ans. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.

Kin. Va. I prethee speake that thrise.

Ans. The Prince your Sonne, is safe.

Kin. Va. Oh where *Anselmo*? surfet me with that.

Ans. In *Arragon* my Liege; and at his parture,
Bound my secrecie
By his affectionous loue, not to disclose it:
But care of him, and pittie of your age,
Makes my tongue blab, what my breast vow'd concealment.

Kin. Va. Thou not deceiue me; I euer thought thee
VVhat I find thee now, an vpriight loyall man.
But what desire, or yong-fed humour
Nurst within the braine,
Drew him so priuately to *Arragon*?

Ans. A forcing Adamant,
Loue, mixt with Feare and doubtfull ieaousie,
VVhether Report guilded a worthlesse truncke,
Or *Amadine* deserued her high extolement.

Kin. Va. See our prouision be in readinesse,
Collect vs Followers of the comeliest hue,
For our chiefe Guardions; we will thither wend:
The christall eye of Heauen shall not thrice wincke,
Nor the greene Flood, sixe times his shoulders turne,
Till we salute the *Arragonian* King.
Musicke speake loudly, now the season's apt,
For former dolours are in pleasure wrapt.

Exeunt omnes.

of Mucedorus.

Enter Mucedorus to disguise himselfe.

Mu. Now *Mucedorus*, whether wilt thou goe?
Home to thy Father, to thy native soyle;
Or trie some long abode within these Woods:
VVell, I will hence depart and hie me home.
VVhat, hie me home said I? that may not be,
In *Amadine* rests my felicitie.
Then *Mucedorus*, doe as thou didst decree,
Attire thee Hermit-like within these Groues;
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make Settles there, and seat thy selfe thereon,
And when thou feelest thy selfe to be a thirst,
Then drinke a heartie drought to *Amadine*,
No doubt she thinkes on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee, at this Well.
Come Habite, thou art fit for me, *He disguiseth himselfe.*
No Shepheard now, a Hermit must I be
Me thinkes this fits me very well;
Now must I learne to beare a walking Staffe,
And exercise some grauitie withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heer's through the woods, and through the woods,
To looke out a Shepheard, and a stray Kings Daughter:
But soft, Who haue we heere? What art thou?

Mu. I am an Hermite,

Clo. An Emmet, I neuer saw such a bigge Emmet in all my life
before.

Mu. I tell you sir, I am an Hermite,
One that leades a solitarie life within these Woods.

Clo. O, I know thee now; thou art hee that eates vp all the
Hippes and Hawes: wee could not haue one peece of fat Bacon
for thee, all this yeare.

Muc. Thou dost mistake me:
But I pray thee tell me, who dost thou seeke in these Woods?

Clo. What doe I seeke? for a stray Kings Daughter,
Runne away with a Shepheard.

Muc. A stray Kings Daughter, run away with a Shepheard,
VVherefore, canst thou tell?

The Comedie

Clo. Yes that I can, tis this; my Maister and *Amadine*, walking one day abroad, neerer to these woodes then they were vsed (about what I cannot tel) but towards them comes running a great Beare; now my Maister hee plaid the man, and ran away; and *Amadine*, crying after him: now sir, comes me a Shepheard and he strikes off the Beares head: now whether the Beare were dead before or no, I cannot tell; for bring twenty Beares before mee, and bind their handes and feet, and Ile kill them all. Now euer since *Amadine* hath beene in loue with the Shepheard; and for good-will shees euen run away with the shepheard.

Muc. What manner of man was he, canst describe him vnto mee?

Clo. Scribe him, aye I warrant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, bigge, wel-fauoared fellow: a Ierkin of White cloth and Burtons of the same cloth.

Muc. Thou describest him well: but if I chance to see any such, pray you where shall I find you, or whats your name?

Clo. My name is called Maister *Moufe*.

Muc. Oh Maister *Moufe*, I pray you what office might you beare in the Court.

Clo. Marry sir I am Rusher of the Stable,

Muc. Oh, Vsher of the Table.

Clo. Nay, I say Rusher; and ile prooue mine office good: for look sir, when any comes from vnder the Sea, or so, and a Dogge chance to blow his nose backward, then with a Whippe I giue him the good time of the day, and strow Rushes presently; therefore I am a Rusher: a high Office I promise yee.

Muc. But where shall I find you in the Court?

Clo. Why where it is best beeing, either in the Kitchin eating or in the Butterie drinking: but if you come, I wil prouide for thee a peece of Beefe and Bruewes knuckle deepe in fatte: pray you take paines; remember Maister *Moufe*. *Frit.*

Muc. Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you.

Ah *Anadine*! What should become of thee?
Whither shouldst thou goe so long vnknowne
With watch and ward each passage is beset;
So that she cannot long escape vnknowne.
Doubtlesse she hath lost her selfe within these Woods,
And wandring too and fro she seekes the Well.

Which

of Macedorus.

Which yet she can not find; therfore will I seek her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. *Amadine*, how like you *Bremo* and his Woods?

Ama. As like the VVoods of *Bremos* crueltie:

Though I were dumbe, and could not answere him,
The Beasts themselues would with relenting teares,
Bewaile thy sauage and vnhumane deeds,

Bre. My Loue, why dost thou murmur to thy selfe?
Speake louder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Am. My *Bremo*, no, the Shepheard is my Loue.

Bre. Haue I not saued thee from sodaine death,
Giuen thee leaue to liue, that thou mightst loue,
And dost thou whet me on to crueltie?

Come kisse me (sweet) for all my fauours past.

Am. I may not *Bremo*, and therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how he flinges away from me;
I will follow, and giue attend to her.
Deny my Loue, a Worme of Beauty:
I will chastise thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head vpon the Blocke.

Am. O spare me *Bremo*, Loue should limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of himselfe.
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with blood,
Encounter with the Lion, or the beare.
And like a VVoolfe, prey not vpon a Lambe.

Bre. VVhy then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt loue me, thou shalt be my *Queene*,
I will crowne thee with a Chaplet made of Iuosie,
And make the Rose and Lillie waite on thee:
Ile rend the burley Branches from the Oake,
To shadow thee from burning Sunne.
The trees shall spread themselues where thou dost goe;
And as they spread, Ile trace along with thee.

Ama. You may; for who but you.

Bre. Thou shalt be fedde with Quails and Partridges;
VVith Black-birds, Larkes, Thrushes, and Nightingales;
Thy drinke shall be Goates milke and christall Water,
Distilling from the Fountaines, and the clearest Springs:

The Comedie

And all the dainties that the VVoods afford,
Ile freely giue thee, to obtaine thy loue.

Ama. You may, for who but you.

Bre. The day Ile spend, to recreate my Loue,
VVith all the pleasures that I can deuise :
And in the night, Ile be thy bedfellow,
And louingly imbrace thee in mine armes.

Ama. One may, so may not you.

Bre. The Satyrs & the Wood-nimphs shall attend on thee;
And lull thee a sleepe with Musicks sound :
And in the morning when thou dost awake,
The Larke shall sing, Good-morrow to my Queene :
And whilest he sings, Ile kisse mine *Amadine*.

Ama. You may, for who but you.

Bre. When thou art vp, the Wood-lanes shall be strowed:
VVith Violets, Cowslips, and sweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to trace vpon :
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deare,
To chase the Hart, and how to rouse the Roe,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour me.

Ama. You may, for who but you.

Enter Mucedorus.

Bre. Welcome sir, an houre agoe I lookt for such a guest:
Be merry Wench, weele haue a frolicke Feast;
Heere's Flesh enough for to suffice vs both :
Say sirra, wilt thou fight, or doest thou meane to die?

Muc. I want a Weapon, how can I fight?

Bre. Thou wants a Weapon, why then thou yeeldst to die.

Muc. I say not so; I doe not yeeld to die.

Bre. Thou shalt not choose, I long to see thee dead,

Ama. Yet spare him *Bremo*, spare him.

Bre. A way I say, I will not spare him.

Ama. Yet giue me leaue to speake.

Bre. Thou shalt not speake.

Ama. Yet giue him leaue to speake, for my sake.

Bre. Speake on; but be not ouer-long.

Mu. In time of yore, when Men like brutish Beasts,
Did lead their liues in loathsome Celles and VVoods,

And

of Macedonius.

And wholly gaue themselves to wiselesse Will;
A rude vnruely route : then man to man became,
A present prey; then Might preuailed,
The weakeſt went to Walles :
Right was vnknowne, for Wrong was all in all :
As men thus liued in their great out-rage,
Behold, one *Orpheus* came, (as Poets tell)
And them from Rudeneſſe vnto Reason brought :
Who led by Reason, ſome forſooke the Woods,
In ſtead of Caues, they built them Caſtles ſtrong;
Cities and Townes were founded by them then :
Glad were they, they found ſuch eaſe,
And in the end, they grew to perfe& amitie,
VVaying their former wickedneſſe :
They tearm'd the time wherein they liued then,
A Golden age, a goodly Golden age.
Now *Bremo*, (for ſo I heare thee called)
If men which liued tofore, as thou doeſt now,
VVilde in Wood, addicted all to ſpoyle,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes;
Let me like *Orpheus* cauſe thee to returne
From Murther, Blood-ſhed, and like Cruelties
What, ſhould we fight before we haue a cauſe?
No, lets lue, and loue together faithfully;
Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or elſe thou dieſt.

Am. Hold *Bremo*, hold.

Bre. Away I ſay, thou troubleſt me.

Am. You promiſed me to make me Queene.

Bre. I did, I meane no leſſe.

Am. You promiſed that I ſhould haue my will.

Bre. I did, I meane no leſſe.

Am. Then ſaue this Hermites life, for he may ſaue vs both.

Bre. At thy requeſt Ile ſpare him; but neuer any, after him.
Say Hermite, What canſt thou doe?

Muc. Ile waite on thee, ſometime vpon thy Queene :
Such ſeruiſe ſhalt thou ſhortly haue, as *Bremo* neuer had.

Exeunt.

E.

Enter

The Comedie

Enter Segasto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Seg. Come sirs, what shall I neuer haue you find out *Amadine* and the Shepheard?

Clo. And I haue beene through the Woods, and through the *V*Woods, and could see nothing but an Emmet.

Ru. Why I see a thousand Emmets: thou meanst a little one.

Clo. Nay, that Emmet that I saw, was bigger then thou art.

Ru. Bigger then I; what a foole haue you to your man?

I pray you Maister turne him away.

Seg. But dost thou heare, was he not a man?

Clo. Thinke he was, for he said hee did lead a Salt sellers life about the woods.

Seg. Thou wouldest say, a solitarie life about the woods.

Clo. I thinke so it was in deed.

Ru. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clo. Thou art a wise man: Why he did nothing but sleepe since he went.

Seg. But tell me *Moufe*, How did he goe?

Clo. In a white Gowne, and a white Hat on his head,
And a staffe in his hand,

Seg. I thought so, it was an Hermite that walked a solitarie life in the woods.

Well, get you to dinner, and after, neuer leaue seeking, till you bring some newes of them, or Ile hang you both, *Exit.*

Clo. How now *Rumbelo*, what shall we doe now?

Ru. Faith Ile home to dinner and afterward to sleepe.

Clo. *V*Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Ru. Faith I care not, for I know I shall neuer find them:
*V*Well, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot find them,
Ile neuer come home againe.

Clo. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou shalt goe in at one ende of the wood, and I at the other, and we will meete both together in the midst.

Ru. Content, lets away to dinner.

Exeunt.

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Mu. Vnknowne to any heere within these Woods,
With bloudy *Brem* doe I leade my life:
The Monster he, doth murder all he meetes,

of Mucedorus.

He spareth none, and none doth him escape :

Who would continue, who but onely I

In such a cruell cut-throats company ?

Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuse ;

A silly soule, how often times she sits

And sighes, and cals, come Shepheard come ;

Sweet *Mucedorus* come and set me free,

When *Mucedorus* (Peasant) stands her by,

But here she comes : What newes faire Lady,

As you walke these woods ?

Enter Amadine.

Am. Ah Hermite, none but bad,

And such as thou knowest.

Muc. How doe you like your *Bremo*, and his woods ?

Am. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Muc. And why not yours ? me thinkes he loues you well.

Am. I like not him ; his loue to me is nothing worth.

Muc. Lady, in this, me thinkes you offer wrong,
To hate the man, that euer loues you best.

Am. Ah Hermite, I take no pleasure in his loue :
Neither doth *Bremo* like me best.

Muc. Pardon my boldnesse, faire Lady ; sith we both
May safely talke now out of *Bremos* sight :

Vnfold to me, so if you please, the full discourse

How, when, and why, you came into these VVoods,

And fell into this bloody Butchers hands ?

Am. Hermite I will : Of late a worthy Shepheard I did loue,

Mu. A Shepheard (Lady) sure a man vnfit to match with you ?

Am. Hermite, this is true : and when we had.

Muc. Stay there, the Wild-man comes,
Referre the rest vntill another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What secret tale is this ? What whispring haue wee
Villaine, I charge thee tell thy tale againe. (heere ?)

Muc. If needs I must, loe heere it is againe.

VVhen as we both had lost the sight of thee,

It grieu'd vs both ; but specially thy Queene :

Who in thy absence euer feares the worst.

Least some mischance besall your royall Grace.

The Comedie

Shal my sweet *Breme* wander through the Woods,
Toyle too and fro, for to redresse my want,
Hazard his life; and all to cherish mee?
I like not this, quoth she:
And therevpon crau'd to know of me,
If I could teach her handle Weapons well.
My answer was, I had small skill therein;
But glad some (mighty King) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bre. Wast so? none can dislike of this;
Ile teach you both to fight: but first, my *Queene* begin,
Heere, take this Weapon, see how thou canst vse it.

Am. This is too bigge, I can not weeld it in my arme.

Bre. Ist so? weele haue a knotty Crab-tree staffe for thee:
But sira, tell me, what sayest thou?

Muc. With all my heart, I willing am to learne.

Bre. Then take my Staffe, and see how thou canst weeld it.

Mu. First teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bre. Thou hold'st it well: looke how he doth,
Thou mayest the sooner learne.

Muc. Next tell me how, and when tis best to strike.

Bre. Tis best to strike when time doth serue;
Tis best to loose no time.

Mu. Then now or neuer, is my time to strike.

Bre. And when thou strikest, be sure to hide the Head.

Mu. The Head?

Bre. The very Head.

Mu. Then haue at thine: *He strikes him downe dead.*
So, lie there and die; a death (no doubt) according to desert,
Or else a worse, as thou deserue'st worse.

Am. It glads my heart, this Tyrants death to see.

Muc. Now Lady, it remaines in you,
To end the Tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You said, you loued a Shepheard.

Am. I so I doe, and none but onely him:
And will doe still, as long as life shall last.

Muc. But tell me Lady, sith I set you free,

of Mucedorus.

What courſe of life doe you intend to take?

Ama. I will (diſguiſed) wander through the VWorld,
Till I haue found him out.

Muc. How if you finde your Shepheard in theſe VVoods?

Ama. Ah! none ſo happy then as *Amadine*.

He diſguiſeth himſelfe.

Mu. In tract of time, a man may alter much:
Say Lady, doe you know your Shepheard well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus*: hath he ſet me free?

Muc. He hath ſet thee free.

Ama. And liued ſo long vnknowne to *Amadine*?

Muc. Ay that's a queſtion wherof you may not be reſolued;
You knew that I am baniſht from the Court:

I know likewiſe each paſſage is beſet,

So that we cannot long eſcape vnknowne:

Therefore my will is this, that we returne,

Right through the Thickets to the VVild-mans Caue,

And there a while liue on his prouiſion,

Vntill the ſearch and narrow watch be paſt:

This is my counſell, and I thinke it beſt.

Ama. I thinke the very ſame.

Muc. Come, let's be gone.

*The Clowne ſearcheth, and falls ouer the VVild-man,
and ſo carries him away.*

Clo. Nay ſoft fir; are you heere? a bots on you,
I was like to be hanged for not finding of you:
VVe would borrow a certaine ſtray Kings Daughter of you?
A VVench, a VVench fir, we would haue.

Muc. A VVench of me? Ile make thee eate my Sword.

Clo. O Lord; nay & you are ſo luſtie, Ile call a cooling card for
you: Ho Maiſter, Maiſter; I, come away quickly. *Enter. Seg.*
Seg. VVhat's the matter?

Clo. Look Maiſter: *Amadine* and the Shepheard; O braue.

Seg. VVhat Minion, haue I found you out?

Clo. Nay that's a lie, I found her out my ſelfe.

Seg. Thou gadding huſwife, what cauſe haſt thou
To gad abroad,

VVhen

The Comedie

When as thou knowest our VVedding day sonie?

Ama. Not so *Segasto*, no such thing in hand:

Shew your Assurance, then Ile answere you.

Seg. Thy Fathers Promise, my assurance is.

Ama. But what he promist, he hath not performde;

Seg. It rests in thee for to performe the same.

Ama. Not I.

Seg. And why?

Ama. So is my will, and therefore euen no.

Clo. Maister, with anone, none so.

Seg. Ah wicked villaine, art thou heere?

Muc. VVhat needs these words? we weigh them not.

Seg. We weigh them not; proud Shepheard, I scorne thy

Clo. VVe cle not haue a corner of thy company. (company.

Muc. I scorne not thee, nor yet the least of thine.

Clo. That's a lie; a would haue kild me with his pugs-nando.

Seg. This stoutnesse *Amadine*, contents me not.

Ama. Then seeke another, that may you better please.

Muc. VVell *Amadine*, it onely rests in thee,

(Without delay) to make thy choyce of three:

There stands *Segasto*, heere a Shepheard stands;

There stands the third: now make thy choice.

Clo. A Lord (at the least) I am.

Ama. My choyce is made; for I will none but thee.

Seg. A worthy Mate (no doubt) for such a VVife.

Muc. And *Amadine*; why, wilt thou none but me;

I cannot keepe thee as thy Father did;

I haue no Lands for to maintaine thy state:

Moreover, if thou meane to be my VVife,

Commonly this must be thy vse,

To bed at midnight, vp at foure;

Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,

VVhereby our dayly victuall for to winn:

And last of all, which is the worst of all;

No Princeesse then, but plaine a Shepheards wife.

Clo. Then, God gee-you good morrow goddy Shepheard.

Ama. It shall not neede; if *Amadine* doe line,

Thou shalt be crowned King of Arragon.

of Mucedorus.

Clo. Oh Maister, laugh: when he's King, then I'll be a Queen;

Muc. Then know that, which nere tofore was knowne;
I am no Shepheard, no *Arragonian* I,
But borne of Royall blood: my Father's of *Ualencia* King,
My Mother Queene: who for thy sacred sake,
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy, my fortune is so good.

Seg. Well, now I see *Segasto* shall not speed,
But *Mucedorus*; I as much doe ioy
To see thee heere within our Court of *Arragon*,
As if a Kingdome had befallne me this time:
I with my heart, surrender her to thee:

He giues her to him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

Clo. What Barnes doore, and borne where my Father was
Constable; a bots on thee: how dost thee?

Muc. Thankes *Segasto*: but yet you leueld at the Crowne.

Clo. Maister, beare this, and beare all.

Seg. Why so Sir?

Clo. He sees you take a Goose by the crowne:

Seg. Goe to fir, away, post you to the King,
Whose heart is fraught with carefull doubts;
Glad him vp, and tell him these good newes,
And we will follow as fast as we may.

Clo. I goe Maister, I runne maister.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart, and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine*, the comfort of my life:
How can I ioy, except she were in sight?
Her absence breeds sorrow to my soule,
And with a thunder, breakes my heart in twaine.

Col. Forbeare those passions, gentle King,
And you shall see 'twill turne vnto the best,
And bring your soule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as death, I doe assure me that,
And nought but death, vnlesse of her I heare,
And that with speed, I cannot sigh thus long:
But what a tumult doe I heare within?

The Comedie

They cry within, Ioy and Happynesse.

Col. I heare a noyse of ouer-pasing ioy,
Within the Court: my Lord, be of good comfort;
And heere comes one in hast.

Enter the Clowne running.

Cl. A King, a King, a King.

Col. Why how now sirra, What's the matter?

Cl. O tis newes for a King; tis worth Mony.

King. Why sirra, thou shalt haue siluer and gold, if it be good:

Cl. O tis good, tis good: *Amadine.*

Kin. O what of her? tell me and I will make thee a Knight.

Cl. How, a Spright? no by Lady, I will not be a Spright,
Masters, get you away, if I be a Spright, I shall be so leane,
I shall make you all afayde.

Col. Thou sot, the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman,

Cl. Why, I shall want Parrell.

Kin. Thou shalt want for nothing.

Cl. Then stand away; strike vp thy selfe; heere they come.

Enter Segasto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Am. My gracious Father, pardon thy disloyall Daughter.

Kin. What, doe mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine*?
Rise vp deare Daughter, and let these imbracing armes,
Shew some token of thy Fathers ioy,

Which euer since thy departure, hath languished in sorrow,

Am. Deare Father, neuer were your sorrowes
Greater then my griefes:

Neuer you so desolate, as I comfortlesse:

Yet neuerthelesse, acknowledging my selfe

To be the cause of both; on bended knees,

I humbly craue your pardon.

Kin. Ile pardon thee (deare Daughter,) but as for him,

Am. Ay Father, what of him?

Kin. As sure as I am King and weare the Crowne,
I will reuenge on that accursed wretch.

Muc. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, shew

Kin. I, such fauour as thou deseruest. (faueur,

Muc. I doe deserue the Daughter of a King,

Kin. Oh impudent! a Shepherd, and so insolent.

Muc.

of Mucedorus.

Muc. No Shepheard I, but a worthy Prince.

King. In faire conceit, not Princely borne,

Muc. Yes Princely borne; my Father is a King,
My mother a Queene, and of *Valencia* both.

King. What *Mucedorus*? Welcome to our Court:
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguisde?

Muc. No cause to feare, I caused no offence,
But this; desiring thy Daughters vertues for to see,
Disguisde my selfe from out my fathers Court;
Vnknowne to any, in secret I did rest,
And passed many troubles, neere to death:
So hath your Daughter my partaker beene,
As you shall know hereafter more at large:
Desiring you, you will giue her to me,
Euen as mine owne, and soueraigne of my life:
Then shall I thinke my trauels are well spent.

King. With all my heart: but this,
Segasto claymes my Promise made tofore,
That he should haue her as his onely wife,
Before my Counsell, when he came from Warre.
Segasto, may I craue thee let it passe,
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*.

Seg. With all my heart, were it a farre greater thing;
And what I may, to furnish vp their rites,
With pleasing sports and pastimes, you shall see.

King. Thanks good *Segasto*, I will thinke of this.

Muc. Thanks good my Lord; and while I liue,
Account of me in what I can, or may.

Ama. And good *Segasto*, these great courtesies,
Shall not be forgot.

Cl. Why harke you Maister; bones, what haue you done?
What, giuen away the Wench you made me take such paines
for? you are wise indeed? Masse and I had knowne of that, I
would haue had her my selfe: Faith Maister, now we may goe
to breake-fast with a Woodcock-pie.

Seg. Goe sir, you were best leaue this knauerie.

King. Come on my Lords, let's now to Court,
Where we may finish vp the ioyfulllest day.

The Comedie

That euer hapt to a distressed King :
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,
Present in view of this combined knot,

Asbous within. Enter a Messenger,

What shout was that?

Mus. My Lord, the great *Valentia* King,
Newly arrived, intreates your presence.

Muc. My Father?

King. A. Prepared welcomes; giue him entertainement :
A happier Planet neuer rained then that,
Which gouernes at this houre.

Sound.

*Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Rodrigo, Barchins, with
others, the King runnes and imbraces his Sonne.*

King. V. Rise honour of my age, food to my rest:
Condemne not (mighty King of *Arragon*)
My rude behaviour, so compild by Nature,
That manners stood vnknownedged.

King A. VVhat we haue to recire, would tedious prooue,
By declaration; therefore in, and feast:
To morrow the performance shall explaine
VVhat words conceale; till then, Drums speake, Bells ring,
Giue plausiue welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedie, and Ennie.

Com. How now *Ennie*; what, blushest thou already?

Peepe soorth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with a courage, praise a womans deeds :
Thy threates were vaine, thou couldst doe me no hurt,
Although thou seemest to crosse me with despight,
I ouerwhelm'd and turn'd vpside downe thy Blockes,
And made thy selfe to stumble at the same.

Enn. Though stumbled, yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canst not draw my heart to milduesse :
Yet must I needs confesse, thou hast done well,
And playde thy part, with mirth and pleasant glee :
Say all this, yet canst thou not conquer mee,
Although this time thou hast got,
Yet not the Conquest neither.

of Macedorus.

A double Reuenge, another time Ile haue;

Com. Ennie, spit thy gall,
Plot, worke, contriue; create new fallacies,
Teame from thy Wombe each minute a black Traytor,
VVhose blood and thoughts haue twins conception:
Studie to act deeds yet vnchronicled,
Cast natiue Monsters in the mouldes of men;
Case vicious Diuels vnder sancted Rochets:
Vnhaspe the VVicket where all Periurds roaft;
And swarme this Ball with Treasons; doe thy worst;
Thou canst not (hel-hound) crosse my steare to night,
Nor blind that glorie, where I wish delight.

Enn. I can, I will.

Com. Neffarious Hagge, begin,
And let vs tugge, till one the mastrie win.

Enn. Comedie, thou art a shallow Goofe,
Ile ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall, my Comick merriment.

Com. Thy pollicie wants grauitie; thou art too weake:
Speake Fiend, as how?

Enn. VVhy thus:
From my foule Studie will I hoyft a Wretch,
A leane and hungry Meager Canniball:
Whose iawes swell to his eyes, with chawing Malice:
And him Ile make a Poet.

Com. VVhat's that to'th purpose?

Enn. This scrambling Rauē, with his needie Beard,
VVill I whet on to write a Comedy,
VVherein shall be compos'd darke sentences,
Pleasing to factious braines:
And euery other where, place me a Iest,
Whose high abuse, shal more torment, then blows:
Then I my selfe (quicker then Lightning)
VVill flie me to the puisant Magistrate,
And waighting with a Trencher at his backe,
In midst of iollitie, rehearse those gaules,
(With some additions) so lately vented in your Theator:
He vpon this, cannot but make complaint.

The Comedie

To your great danger, or at least, restraint.

Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly;

This is a Trap for Boyes, not Men, nor such,
Especially desertfull in their doings,
Whose stay'd discretion, rules their purposes.
I and my faction, doe eschew those vices:

But see, O see; the weary Sunne for rest,
Hath laine his golden compasse to the West,
Where he perpetuall bide, and euer shine,
As *Dauids* of-spring, in his happy Clime.

Stoope *Ennie* stoope, bow to the Earth with me,
Lets begge our Pardons on our bended knee. *They kneele.*

Enn. My power has lost her might; *Ennie's* date's expired,
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*

Com. Glorious & wise Arch-Cesar on this earth,
At whose appearance, *Ennie's* stroken dumbe,
And all bad things, cease operation;
Vouchsafe to pardon our vnwilling errour,
So late presented to your Gracious view,
And wee leauour with excessse of paine,
To please your senses in a choyser straine.
Thus we commit you to the armes of Night;
Whose spangled carkasse, would for your delight,
Striue to excell the Day; be blessed then.
Who other wishes, let him neuer speake.

Enn. Amen.

To Fame and Honour, we commend your rest;
Live still more happy, euery houre more blest.

FINIS.



